

ELECTRIC FIRE BALL.

If the Operator Had Touched It He Would Have Been Electrocutted.

Kansas City Star: "Electricity is like a snail in one respect," said a veteran operator. "You can never tell just when it's going to get up on its front legs and kick into the middle of next week. I remember, years ago, when I was night chief operator at the office in Richmond, Va., a very strange thing happened. I was sitting at my table one night at about 11 o'clock, waiting for it to stop raining, so I could go home. There was a big storm up the line, and while we didn't feel it to any great extent in the city, the lightning had been playing the mischief with the wires in the office, and several of the connections had burnt out. All of a sudden I heard a strange snapping sound at my instrument, and the next thing I knew a flash of blue white fire lit up the whole room. Then a globe of flame about the size of an orange seemed to spring from the armature and began to roll slowly from over the top of the table. As nearly as I can describe the thing, it was like a globe of molten metal, glowing through and through with incandescent fire and shimmering with every color of the rainbow. It was beautiful to look at and fascinated me like a snake. Moreover, it seemed as fragile as a bubble—as if a touch would shiver it to atoms—and without thinking I reached for it with a wooden ruler. Luckily my assistant had more sense, and he yelled to me so frantically that I stopped before I touched it. Just then the fiery ball reached the edge and rolled off. As it struck the floor it shattered like a drop of quicksilver and suddenly disappeared. When I recovered my senses and looked at the table I was shocked. The instrument was a wreck, and the track of the electric apparition was charred into the wood half an inch deep. If I had prodded it I wouldn't be telling the story, for the ruler had a metal edge, and I certainly would have been electrocuted then and there. I have heard of such balls of fire from a few old operators, but that's the only one I ever saw, and I'm not yearning to see another. Nobody has ever been able to explain them. Of course the time I speak of was before the introduction of improved current arresters, and nowadays such visitors are pretty effectively barred out."

HE LOST ALL.

Including That Winsome Creature, the Lovely Birdy Jones.

It was the first perfect day of the glad springtime. The warm sun brightened the country landscape and the odor of opening apple blossoms came upon the laden atmosphere. The lazy clouds floated dreamily in the sky overhead, chiefly because they could not go about or on the trolley cars. The rural roads were smooth under the hammer of innumerable wheels, and Clarence Wheeler had stolen Birdy Jones from her haughty Soho home for a ramble on his '97 tandem among the highways of the townships. Stopping from their run, they rested beneath a great oak tree which overhung a wayside spring. Cowbells tinkled in the woodlot below the meadow, and little lambs with wobbly legs three sizes too big for them gambled on the short green grass. On a broad, flat stone that looked down upon the crystal water Birdy spread the lunch they had carried in the tandem box, and Clarence brought water in a romantic tin can that he had found hard by. The soft winds toyed with the girl's bleached tresses, which streamed over her face like a photograph picture of the west wind to illustrate Longfellow's poem. Her cheeks flushed with the vigor of exercise and robust health and when the young man approached her from the spring his whole thought was centered upon the winsome beauty of the divine creature. He sat down by her side. His soul drank in the charm of the picture. She looked up from the can of embalmied beef that she was opening, with a smile of confident approval on her young face. Suddenly her eye kindled and the rosy flush of young womanhood gave way to a ghastly pallor. Her lip curled in scorn. Her classic head was lifted in anger. "Merciful heaven!" shrieked the young man. "Tell me, dearest girl, what is the matter?" But she stepped back, and, striking the attitude that she had learned at the Soho Amateur Dramatic Club, she pointed her finger at him and said in tones that would wither a load of hay: "All is lost, Clarence Wheeler. You are sitting in the pit!"—Pittsburg Times.

Improved Values.

Stranger (in Rainbow)—I suppose this suburban trolley line has increased values hereabouts? Farmer Greene.—Oh, yes! Ole Bill Gosslyn wasn't worth the powder to blow him to Bridgeport till he got run over by one of them cars—now he's worth \$5,000.—Puck.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"Every woman is an aristocrat at heart," said the youngest boarder. "Yes," said the Cheerful Idiot, "she takes to think of herself as classed with the plain people."—Indianapolis Journal.

His Passion.

Mrs. Proby—Reading is quite a passion with my husband. Mrs. Dresser.—So it is with mine—when he reads my milliner's bill.—Tit-Bits.

Devoured by London.

London devours every year 400,000 oxen, 1,500,000 sheep, 500,000 calves, 700,000 hogs, fowls innumerable, and 8,500,000 gallons of milk.

A WONDERFUL MAN.

AT THE AGE OF 82 GEN. GOMEZ IS VIGOROUS.

Chivalrous Toward Women—Great Favorite with Children—His Pretty Daughter Clementa and Her Bright Brother Speak English.

(Special Letter.)

Up to the present time the photographs of Gen. Gomez have not done him justice. In a curious, persistent way they give him an angular figure, half leopards, a swarthy expression, and age from 70 to 80 years. As a matter of fact, the insurgent leader has a slender, erect figure, as active as a young man. He is 62, but his face is as smooth and free from lines as that of a man ten or fifteen years younger. His dark eyes are bright, keen and searching. In physical vigor Gomez is a remarkable man. But he is even more remarkable in his forceful character. It marks his face strong and stern in repose, but gentle, magnetic and winning when he smiles. In self-defense, probably, Gen. Gomez recently sat for his photograph. He could not stand the wild, weird pictures of him in shop windows, that are at best caricatures. So he had his photograph taken a few days ago, and to protect himself, said it must be copyrighted. It is a good picture, true and lifelike, says the New York Tribune.

Gen. Gomez is plain and unpretending—thoroughly democratic in his tastes. There never was at any time the least chance in the insurgent army for the "hump and circumstance of war." On the contrary, all environments were rude and poor, and Gomez shared literally the hardships and privations of his men. But the common ground between Gen. Gomez and his staff officers is uncommon. There is a certain deference of manner and speech shown by his staff to Gomez that is not simply military etiquette and discipline. It is a deference that one does not see on the part of the American staff officer, no matter what the rank of his superior may be. Between Gomez and his staff there is not even the suggestion of familiarity. At the same time it is perfectly apparent there is a clear understanding and entire harmony of thought and action.

However brusque Gomez may be as a soldier and unconventional in camp life he is extremely courteous to visitors. He receives women with a courtesy and quiet dignity that would grace any drawing room. On the occasion of the enthusiastic demonstrations when he came to Havana it was the march of a "conquering hero." But it was the women and children who went wild in the streets, rushing in crowds and massing about his horse, utterly reckless of danger.

The tender side of his nature, in a wonderful gentleness and meekness.

Clementa Gomez is a pretty, dark-eyed girl of 18, and her brother, two years younger, is as bright, quick and alert as an American boy. Both are educated in English, speaking the language without an accent. They are the only members of the family who as yet have come over from Santo Domingo to join Gen. Gomez here. They are very proud of their father. But they want to take him home. That means more to this boy and girl than any honor Cuba can give to Gen. Gomez. "My father has given many years to Cuba," Urbano Gomez says, "and now we want him. We want to take him home where he will have no more hardships and will have rest. But if he must stay in Cuba then my mother and all the family will come here."

WISCONSIN'S MARRIAGE LAW.

(Madison, Wis., Letter.)

Assemblyman John M. True, whose anti-Greta John bill will soon become a law, is one of the most remarkable men in the legislature. He has ever protested against the reputation of his state for "easy marriages," and has always arrayed himself against the



HON. J. M. TRUE.

immoral in this commonwealth. He was for a number of years the secretary of the State Agricultural Society, and made it a great power, but when it fell into the clutches of the race-horse men he was the foremost of the members who helped to wreck the organization and secure the transfer of the state fair to the State Board of Agriculture. Mr. True is the representative of the First district of Sauk county, and was a formidable candidate for the speakership against George H. Ray, but withdrew. He is a native of New Hampshire, and is 61 years old. His reputation for respectability and for hatred of vice of all kinds is widespread and enviable.

Shipbuilding Boom in Great Britain. The shipbuilders of the United Kingdom last year established a record. The total output (exclusive of warships),



GOMEZ, HIS SON AND HIS DAUGHTER.

is shown in his fondness and love of children. At Quinta de los Molinos, where Gomez has his headquarters, children of all classes go to see him. At the house in town where his young son and daughter are stopping with friends, there are half a dozen children in the family. The moment Gen. Gomez appears the children are about him to kiss him and sit on his knee, and in every childish way demonstrate their affection for him. To his own son and daughter, though they are grown, Gen. Gomez manifests the same tenderness that he shows to little children.

was 1,267,570 gross tons. This exceeds the total of the previous record year, 1889, by 153,209 tons. About 20 per cent of this tonnage was built for foreign owners, the largest customer being Denmark. The total merchant shipping built last year on the continent was 240,000 tons gross, of which 153,147 tons was turned out in Germany, 67,100 tons in France, and 26,530 tons in Italy. In Great Britain, only a few sailing ships were turned out last year.

If there were no other fools in the world we would be more dissatisfied with ourselves than ever.

TEXANETTES.

Venus, Johnson county, is to have a \$3000 school building.

The Johnson County Medical association met at Cleburne.

The Katy people intend erecting a fine depot at Belton. It is to be of brick and stone.

The contract for a seventy-five barrel flour mill has been signed at Hillsboro.

Col. Crump, who went from Alabama to western Texas in the 40's, died at Beeville.

Joe Copoler, on trial at La Grange charged with the murder of A. T. Record at Schulenburg in the fall of 1897, was acquitted.

W. J. Havens' child, near Lamesco, Fannin county, died from a bean lodging in its throat.

A burglar who had effected an entrance to a store at Texarkana was captured by an officer.

Thousands of people attended the picnic of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen at Walnut Springs. Grand Master Sargent was the principal speaker.

Tom Wood, a member of a Paris fire company, was struck in the breast by the brass coupling on the end of a section of house while at drill, and was badly bruised.

Prof. W. H. Reay, who has been superintendent of the public schools of Mount Pleasant for the past two years, has been elected superintendent of the Winthrop city schools.

Died, at the residence of her son, Pon-Chrestman, three miles east of Grand Saline, Grandma Chrestman, aged 91 years. She had lived continuously on the place where she died for fifty-two years.

In the civil district court at Sherman Miss Laura Parker was awarded a verdict of \$750 against the Western Union Telegraph company. The plaintiff alleged negligence in the delivery of a message announcing the death of her father.

In the district court at La Grange the jury in the case against Jim Stokes, colored, who was on trial for the murder of another colored man at Flatonia last spring, brought in a verdict of guilty and gave him twenty-five years.

Wharton county bonds were sold to a Dallas party to the amount of \$23,000, at 4 1/2 per cent, with a premium of \$615, the purchaser bearing all the expense of lithographing, etc. Said bonds are to refund a like amount of 6 per cent bridge bonds.

The Bonham camp, Woodmen of the World, decorated the graves of their deceased sovereigns, John T. Boyd, S. Z. Oldham, T. E. Milstead and John Ewing, at Willow Wild and English cemeteries. A band was present and furnished music. A great number of people attended.

Charles A. Ciapp, ex-assistant chief of the Dallas fire department, and in recent years waterworks inspector, died at Dallas after a lingering illness. It is related of the deceased that he could tell every number and street that had water connection.

The E. P. Pittman well at Ennis has reached a depth of 1000 feet, and the workmen have shut down and plugged the hole up. The parties connected with it do not talk much, but indicate that they will sink another well.

Some vandals at Aubrey, in Denton county and vicinity committed several acts of malicious mischief, breaking the glasses and sashes out of all the windows in four churches and one school house.

The United States supreme court held in the case of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railway vs. McCann & Swiss that a railroad company receiving an assignment of goods was responsible for damages in cases where the damages occurred on a connecting line.

The protracted meeting conducted by Rev. Isaac Sellers at the First Baptist church at Abilene has been quite successful. There have been a number of conversions as well as accessions to the church. The meeting has been attended throughout by large crowds.

The 4-year-old daughter of John Parker, who lives two miles west of Rockdale, was missed from her home. Search was instituted and she was found floating on the surface of a large tank near by, dead, where she had evidently fallen in and drowned.

T. J. Newsome of McKinney and Mrs. Mary J. Fonda of DeWitt, Ill., were married in the former city. The bride traveled from her northern home to meet the groom, whom she had not seen for fourteen years. They were married at the Baptist parsonage.

Professor and Pork.

Professor Comstock of Cornell, in speaking to his class recently of the trials of scientists, told this authentic tale of the experience of a professor of invertebrate zoology in a sister institution, which had better be left nameless:

Trichinosis in pork, the cause of the frightful disease trichinosis in human consumers, give a peculiar appearance to meat, which is studded with little cysts; it is then known to the trade as "measly pork." The learned scientist, wishing some for study, went to the butcher and asked him if he ever got any measly pork.

"Sometimes," said the butcher, cautiously, "but I always throw it away."

"Well," said the professor, "the next time you have any I wish you'd send me up some," meaning, of course, to his laboratory.

The butcher stared at him, but said he would. Three weeks passed, when the professor, growing impatient, again dropped in.

"Haven't you found any measly pork yet?"

"Why, yes," said the butcher, "I sent up two pounds a week ago."

A sickly grin broke over the professor's face.

"Where did you send it?" said he.

"Why, to your house, of course," said the butcher.

Paid Their Debts.

"Diggest revival preacher we ever had here," said the country grocer, "was old Bro. Jarvis. Actually, when that man got through with 'em, the whole blame community turned in and paid all its debts."

The Maid and the Miracle

Miss Lucy Tucker, the daughter of a prominent farmer of Versailles, Ind., was the victim of nervous prostration. Most of the time she was confined to bed, and was on the verge of St. Vitus' dance. It was a pitiful case which medical science failed to conquer. Finally a doctor prescribed Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Her father said:

"We began giving the pills at once, and the next day we could see a change for the better in her. We gave her one pill after each meal until she was entirely well. She has not been sick a day since. We think the cure almost miraculous."

"FRANK TUCKER, Mrs. F. TUCKER."

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tucker, being duly sworn, state that the foregoing is true in every particular. HEON JOHNSON, Justice of the Peace. From the Republican, Versailles, Ind.

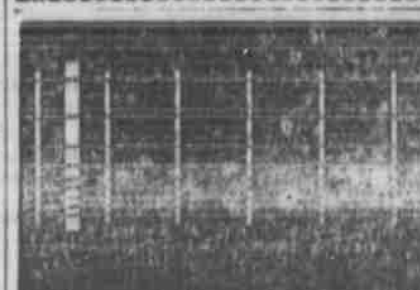
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all druggists and grocers, or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medical & Surgical Co., Schenectady, N. Y., 60 cents per box, 6 boxes \$2.50.

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[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 46,970]

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"Five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me and it has been a year since I had an attack."

Mrs. Edna Jackson, Pearl, La.

If Mrs. Pinkham's Compound will cure such severe cases as this surely it must be a great medicine—is there any sufferer foolish enough not to give it a trial?

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